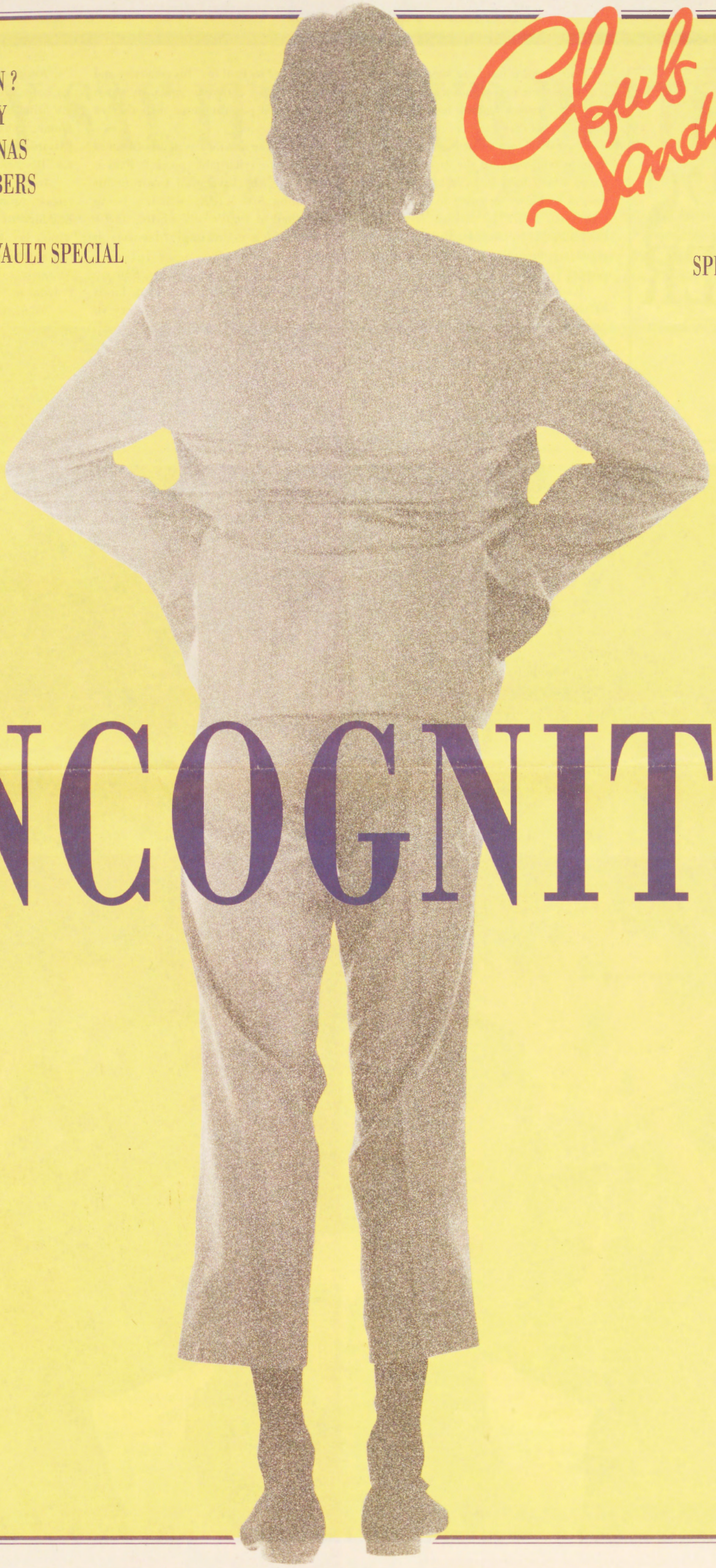
Club Sandwich

SPRING 1992 No 61

in this edition...

WHO'S THAT MAN ?
CARNEGIE GLORY
BIRTHDAY BANANAS
HAMISH REMEMBERS
VOX 'N' VIOLIN
... AND A VIDEO VAULT SPECIAL



INCOGNITO

PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM HUGHES

SUE'S LETTER

As Paul and the band are working in the studio on their new album it seems a good time for *Sandwich* to look back over various aspects of their careers.

First of all, we are at last able to come to grips with some of the mysterious personae which have been lurking in Paul's past, as he blows his cover in an exclusive talk with Mark Lewisohn (see THE OTHER ME). Then Hamish reminisces about ten favourite gigs from his varied career.

Richard Ogden gives an insider's view of the US premiere of the *Liverpool Oratorio* at Carnegie Hall last November while Geoff Baker looks to all the razzamatazz building up for Paul's birthday.

In January it was announced that Paul was the first recipient of a new Nobel-style prize, The Royal Swedish Academy of Music's POLAR MUSIC PRIZE, which was awarded to Paul for "his creativity and imagination as a composer and artist which has revitalised popular music over the last 30 years".

The prize money will be divided between two charitable projects Paul is supporting: the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts (LIPA), which is being established at Paul's old school, and a scheme which is creating a new health facility in his local town.

Updating our article in *CS60* on LIPA, the latest news is that Paul, Linda and the Performing Right Society in London hosted a special fund-raising lunch on Friday 21 February to appeal to the leaders of Britain's music publishing industry to support the launch of this much-needed school for the performing arts. We'll continue to fill you in on this exciting project as it unfolds.

Another award which Paul added to his collection came for the World Tour TV film *From Rio To Liverpool - Going Home*, which won this year's ACE (Awards for Cable Entertainment) honour for "Best Special Program" in the USA.

In the interim, before the new album's release, a song written by Paul McCartney, Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman called 'Don't Break the Promises' will appear on the forthcoming 10cc reunion album *Meanwhile*. Look out for its release on Polydor in May.

'til next time

Sue

P.S. The happy hippies below are seen in their best gear greeting Eddie Murphy on his recent visit to the studio!

PHOTOGRAPH: JULIAN MENDELSOHN

THEY SAY IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY

"GISSAQUOTE"

It isn't only musicians who like a hook. The publishing world, the music industry, the advertising business, they all look for that "peg" on which to hang a new item, a record, a book, an idea or an article. *Especially* an article. Birthdays are always useful, especially if they're round-figure numbers, and so with 18 June 1992 approaching Paul McCartney is being bombarded with unwanted ideas, offers and requests. Geoff Baker sums up the situation

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

Roll up, roll up for the Great Birthday Bash. Watch the media world go CRAZZZZZZZZEEEEE as articles, books, telly shows, radio and most likely a $78 million Hollywood blockbuster are released to commemorate - SHOCK HORROR - Paul McCartney Turns 50: Scientists Confirm Ex-Beatle Is A Year Older Than Last Year (See Centre Pages For Picture Proof).

But it's just a birthday, guys. He's just like the rest of us; 12 months pass and he has birthdays. It's normal. He bleeds as well.

Oh no sir, no sir, no sir. Oh no,no,no,no,no. Nah. Nein. Non. Njet. You publicists don't understand. This is *A HOT STORY*. A World Exclusive. What was that about bleeding? That's a good line. No chance of a quote from him on that, is there?

But it's just a birthday...

Birthday, smirthday, luv, *get real*. This isn't just *any* birthday. Sure, we all have them. But what The Readers Want To Know is, how does *he* feel about it? Is he *older, wiser?*

He's a year older...

But does he have regrets? Would he live his life again? How do his children feel? What does Linda have to say about it all? It's The Woman's Angle we're after. Will you still need me, will you still feed me...come onnnnnnnn...

But he's not 64.

Is he planning a party? Who'll be there? Will the Beatles re-form for it? What's the set list? Who's making the cake? Is it true Princess Di's invited?

You think I'm joking? You wait. Even now, the world and his editor are preparing all manner of copy to mark the occasion of Paul's next birthday.

Books are in the offing. Whopping great biographies written by people he doesn't even know. You needn't have *met* Macca to be his biographer. No need to have *known* him or hung out with him.

No, no, no, that's completely unnecessary. It'll quite suffice if you were once at a party with the aunt of the chap who runs the off-licence where he buys his Scotch. That'll do.

One Fleet Street columnist, who has never interviewed Macca in the two years I've worked with him, is even now producing yet another "definitive" tome on the lad - *and* he's sold the serialisation rights already. Can't wait.

At least two other publishers are desperate to produce rival, but no doubt equally "definitive" biogs - offering between $18,000 and $162,000 *advances* for an authoritative author.

On top of this, radio stations are gearing up for 'McCartney Fiftieth Festivals'. This involves pulling Mac's back catalogue, working out that it'd take eight months to play it, whittling it down and - hey, what a good idea - picking 50 songs, and then there's just the little matter of asking Macca's publicity mandarin BernARD Doherty if Paul could just [sic] record a few [sic] words for between the tracks; like his 50 favourite colours, 50 Things I Wish I'd Known As A Cub Scout; 50 Contents of Macca's Dustbin Revealed, My Top 50, Why I'll Never Have A 50-Inch Waist - By Paul, and Learn To Speak Scouse in 50 Minutes With Paul McCartney.

I fear also a glut of articles like 50 Things You Never Knew About Macca, Paul McCartney's 50 Favourite Pets and probably a birthday tribute single from 50 people who've covered 'Yesterday'.

And then there's How To Turn 50 And Not Look It - Macca's Handy Tips for the women's magazines. Actually, we had that once on the World Tour. Honest. It was at the Hamburg press conference and this woman - straight-faced - asked if Mac had been taking "beauty tips from Cliff Richard".

We thought she was serious, until her supplementary question ("Have you ever planted potatoes with Prince Charles?") confirmed her as a dork.

The amusement (*my* amusement) at all this formula journalism is the insinuation that, somehow, 50 is too old to rock and roll.

But consider this: the Rolling Stones are to tour again in 1993. And The Who are about to announce that they're also going back on the road again.

Too old? Maybe it's just that rock and roll - as a musical form - is too *young* for its stars to be that mature yet. If you consider that R&R only began in 1956 then no-one's had the chance to *be* old yet.

As Paul has remarked, it's like the blues players in the 1920s and '30s. When they started out, blues was a young guy's thing. But when they matured no-one went around saying that Muddy Waters was too old to play.

And consider this too: what's so new about this age thing? When Paul McCartney, Keith Richards and Pete Townshend started out, playing blues, they were playing songs written by 40, 50, 60-year-old bluesmen.

So wait a while, Fleet Street, to commemorate.

Wait for Sgt Pepper at 90.

Now *that's* a better story.

THE OTHER ME

"The other me would rather be the glad one, the other me would rather play the fool...
I really would appreciate it if you'd help me find the other me"
'The Other Me', from *Pipes Of Peace*

In a remarkably varied career, Paul McCartney has done some surprising things - some we all know about, some we may not. Exclusive to *Club Sandwich* he tells Mark Lewisohn about some true identities behind the masks

For a great many McCartney *fans the big question of the past* 15 *years is: were you* PERCY THRILLINGTON?

Yes, it's been a bit of a mystery for a long time. We always told people that I wasn't Thrillington and really kept that one going.

It all came about because I wanted someone to do a Big Band version of *Ram* - but seeing as there were no takers I thought that I'd better be that someone! So we invented it all, Linda and I, and we went around southern Ireland and found a guy in a field, a young farmer, and asked if he minded doing some photographic modelling for us. We wanted to find someone that no one could possibly trace, paid him the going rate and photographed him in a field, wearing a sweater and then wearing an evening suit. But he never *quite* looked Percy Thrillington enough...

Then we started this whole business in the *Evening Standard* ad columns, which was the really fun thing, putting in things like "Must get in touch with ... Thrillington", as a result of which the newspaper columns picked up on it - "Has anyone seen this rubbish going on in the *Standard* about Percy Thrillington?" - and it was good publicity. It was one of our madcap publicity schemes, as if we were managing this character called Percy Thrillington. But it was really just an excuse to do a Big Band album. And now the truth can finally come out.

In a way, because it was a Big Band, *and you weren't playing in the band, and* Richard Hewson *did the arrangements, you weren't really the artist anyway, you were the producer.*

That's right. You could say that Percy Thrillington was Richard Hewson, or just a fictitious leader of the band who never appeared anywhere. We've put out some weird and wonderful things like that occasionally. We would put clues into songs about certain things, because if people are going to play mind games with our lyrics then we can play mind games with them. Thrillington was one of those.

It took a long time to happen - the album was recorded in 1971/72 *but not released until* 1977.

Well, what I didn't realise is that nobody would want to release an album like that! Not even then. And no way would you get it released now. It was just a little bit of indulgence, a little bit of fun. I quite like to do silly things.

You recorded your first album (McCartney) *under the pseudonym* BILLY MARTIN.

Well, sometimes if you don't want people to know that you're recording at a place - it's quite widely done now - you use a fake name. For two reasons, really: fun and privacy. I think there's a big character in American baseball called Billy Martin so that's where the name came from.

You've twice used the pseudonym PAUL RAMON.

Yes, Paul Ramon was the original pseudonym, when I was in the Silver Beetles, and we went up to Scotland to tour with Johnny Gentle. We thought we were showbiz people and, as it was a Larry Parnes tour and all of his people changed their names - Wilde, Eager, Fury, Pride, all of that - we changed ours. Not that it ever occurred to us that his real name wasn't Johnny Gentle, and that the woman he said was his wife may not have been. We treated her with the utmost of reverence, calling her "Mrs Gentle"! Ramon was French - my idea of what a French name might be, like Monsieur Ramon!

Did you ever think of it years later, when you were writing 'Ram On'?

Yes, it did occur to me. Ramon seemed to me like a sexy French name, and I remember little Scottish girls asking "Is your name really Ramon?" George became Carl Harrison, after Carl Perkins, our drummer Tommy Moore became Thomas Moore - he used to sign autographs "Thomas Moore, drums" - and Stuart became Stuart de Staël, after his favourite painter Nicholas de Staël, and John was Long John Silver for a very short while! It made us seem like great London showbiz guys, so that when we were in Fraserburgh instead of saying "I'm just a kid from Liverpool" it suggested that there was something more to us. It's an old trick.

We fairly soon got rid of that, though, and I remember much later being in the back of Brian Epstein's Zodiac, his big, posh Ford car, talking about whether Paul McCartney was the right name. He and I both felt it was a bit of a mouthful and we wondered how people would ever remember it. People at school never could. So I was going to become Paul James, from James Paul. But then we thought "No, let them remember our names". Which is good, because there are no two Lennons out there, no two McCartneys, Harrisons or Starkeys.

Ringo was the only one who stayed with a stage name, Ringo Starr, because he'd been to Butlin's holiday camp. This was the big difference between Ringo and us - it actually made a difference in a man's life, in those days, whether or not you'd been to Butlin's. And this was actually a true claim to fame: having done a complete season at Butlin's he was the consummate pro. We were scruffs compared to him - he had a beard, suits, shirts, ties and matching handkerchiefs. He had the lot, a total dude, and he even had a Ford Zodiac - though it was probably a paint-job knock-off. I bought a Ford Classic on the never-never and was always very worried about making the payments. So he could handle being Ringo Starr, with his rings. But the rest of us ditched our names.

Then, nine years later, in 1969, *you did a session with* Steve Miller *and again called yourself* Paul Ramon.

That's right, that was during the tense Apple time. We had a Friday-night session at Olympic studio in Barnes and Allen Klein showed up with all the guys. It was a big showdown. And my lawyer was Jewish so he didn't work on Friday nights. But there was Klein, he was Jewish and he was working, so he had a big advantage. Maybe he knew my lawyer was Jewish. Anyway, they all showed up at Olympic and there was a big row - they all accused me of stalling; in my mind I was actually trying to save our future, and I was vindicated later, but at the time I was definitely "the dark horse, the problem". And that was actually the night we broke the Beatles, that was the big crack in the liberty bell, it never came back together after that one.

So we were stuck, the session was over and the studio was free. I hung around a little bit and met Steve Miller, who was in one of the other studios. We got chatting and he was an "up". After the big downer I needed an up, so he was my security blanket. I stayed chatting for a while and then he suggested cutting something. I asked what and he said "We'll make something up!". I asked if I could play drums and just thrashed around. He called it 'My Dark Hour' and we recorded it, just the two of us. I overdubbed a bit of bass and some guitar and we sang it all. We stayed there all night. We just had to do something.

And why did you use Paul Ramon?

I was probably worrying about contractual matters. I've never insisted on having credits. I said "Just put me down as Paul Ramon", remembering the previous time.

You produced the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah *band as* APOLLO C VERMOUTH.

Yes. I loved the Bonzos: I'd been to see their show and they'd been in *Magical Mystery Tour*, in the strip scene at Raymond's Revuebar. Viv Stanshall used to go to the clubs a lot, like I did, and we'd often meet all the guys late-night, chatting over a drink. He said that they really needed a single to establish them and I said, "Well what have you got? I've seen your act and you haven't really got singles there." Viv then asked if I'd produce them and I said "Yes, if you get something together." So they sent a demo and I showed up at Chappell Studios one afternoon, talked to the engineer and got them a good sound, a bit of compression, a bit of this and that, and produced it. Within two or three hours they'd cut the track, 'I'm The Urban Spaceman', which turned out to be their only hit. I said "Just put me down as anything" and Viv made up the name Apollo C Vermouth. A lot of people still don't know that I produced that track - they say "What - you produced the Bonzos? Never!" And it was fun session. I still like Viv a lot, and I loved the radio show he did.

You wrote 'Woman' for Peter and Gordon as BERNARD WEBB.

Well that was the first pseudonym I used for secrecy reasons. I was a bit annoyed that anything by Lennon-McCartney was being a hit, particularly by Peter and Gordon, and...I don't know, I just got an attack of morals or something, but I felt it was a bit much that automatically having our name on something made it do well, and I wanted to see if I could get around it. So I asked our music publisher, Dick James, if I could use a pseudonym. He was a bit jittery - "It sells better if your name's on it!" - so I said "Yes but Dick, look, you've got all that money, you've got 'Yesterday', we're doing great, I really am keen on seeing this happen", so he gave in. Bernard Webb was the name I chose, and the nice thing was that shortly after that we went on tour to America and someone was holding up a big sign saying "Long live Bernard Webb"! I didn't really mind when people

found out. The release suggested to me that my name didn't need to be on things - but then, it wasn't as big a hit as some of their other singles so it sort of proved a point. I quite like the song, actually. People say to me now, "Is that song really yours?" because it doesn't sound like one of mine.

In America the credit was B Webb-A Smith.

I don't know why that is - it may have been a contractual thing, or John might have caught onto the joke and taken a pseudonym too.

Were you CLINT HARRIGAN, *who wrote the sleevenote for* Wings Wild Life?

Yes. I like sleevenotes, especially Derek Taylor's sleevenotes - I like something to read when I'm listening. You see, I come from the time when you used to buy a record and then have a half-hour bus journey home, and so it was always very important to have a note. The *Sgt Pepper* sleeve was packed with stuff for that very reason. Every album had sleevenotes once, and then suddenly everyone stopped having them, especially in the early 1970s. So I decided to re-invent them: for *Wings Wild Life* I drew that little cartoon and wrote some words.

Like "Can you dig it?"

Yes, even "Can you dig it?"! Then I thought, I can't just sign it Paul McCartney, having written about how great the group is, so I made up the name Clint Harrigan. It was the easiest way of doing it, to put someone else's name there, do a little cartoon and put it out.

And then Clint re-surfaced some years later writing an MPL *press release.*

That's right. You can always tell if something is mine because it's badly written! I've got a definite schoolboy writing style. I remember when I was in hospital once, aged 11, I did this pretty good essay about something and then totally blew it at the end by saying "So if you're ever there, remember to go along and pay a visit!" - it suddenly became a travelogue. I always think back to that, even now, when I've got to write anything. There's something incomplete about the way I write prose. I always stick in some terrible little line that's a dead giveaway, but I'm working on it.

nephew, and a few close friends.

'Rock' group at Neston Institute

A LIVERPOOL rhythm group "The Beatles," made their debut at Neston Institute on Thursday night when north-west promoter, Mr. Les Dodd, presented three and a half hours of rock 'n' roll.

The five strong group, which has been pulling in capacity houses on Merseyside, comprises three guitars, bass and drums.

John Lennon, the leader, plays one of the three rhythm guitars, the other guitarists being Paul Ramon and Carl Harrison. Stuart Da Stael plays the bass, and the drummer is Thomas Moore. They all sing, either together, or as soloists.

Recently they returned from a Scottish tour, starring Johnny Gentle, and are looking forward to a return visit in a months time.

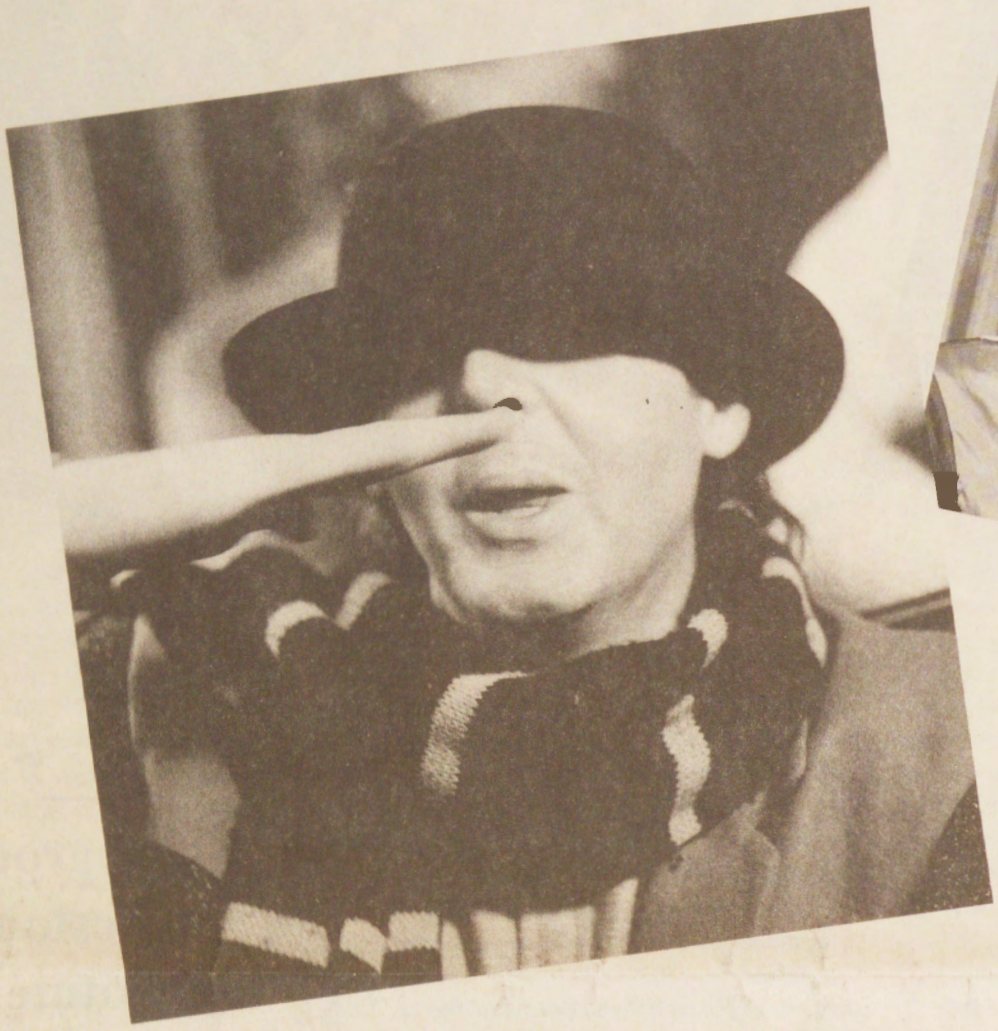
Among the theatres they have played at are the Hippodrome, Manchester; the Empire, Liverpool and the Pavilion, Aintree.

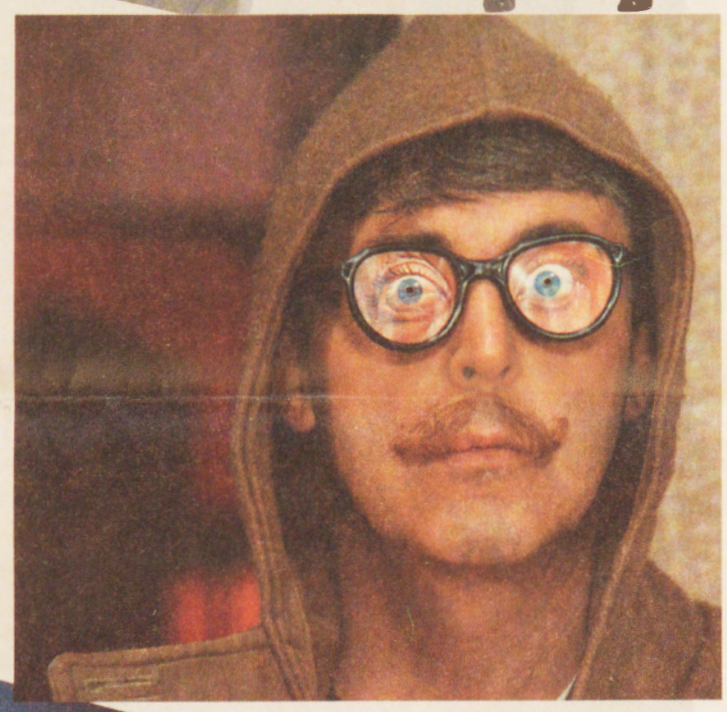
Wings
Wild
Life
MUMBO
BIP BOP
LOVE IS STRANGE
WILD LIFE
SOME PEOPLE NEVER KNOW
I AM YOUR SINGER
TOMORROW
DEAR FRIEND
When Paul and Linda McCartney were in New York recording "RAM" they needed a drummer so they found a sweaty old basement in the West 40's and invited some drummers to play on a battered old drum kit. One of those who turned up and went straight for his lots tons was Denny Seiwell, a tall type with eight generations of drummers in his family, who played well and left the drum kit throbbing. After that, Paul, Linda and Denny played together on "RAM" and then each took off for a holiday.
The Macs returned to Britain and during the time following wrote a bunch of songs at their country retreat.
When the time came to go recording again they rang Denny Laine, a Birmingham lad, and asked him if he was coming out to play. Replying in the affirmative he brought his faithful guitar, and he and the Macs, along with Denny S (who had arrived from the States as if by magic carrying his wife who was drunk again) and his drums, proceeded.
They rehearsed for a while, sang some old songs, wrote some new ones and in time headed for the big city studios.
In three days they had laid down most of the tracks and by the end of a couple of weeks the album was finished.
In this wrapper is the music they made. Can you dig it?
CLINT HARRIGAN

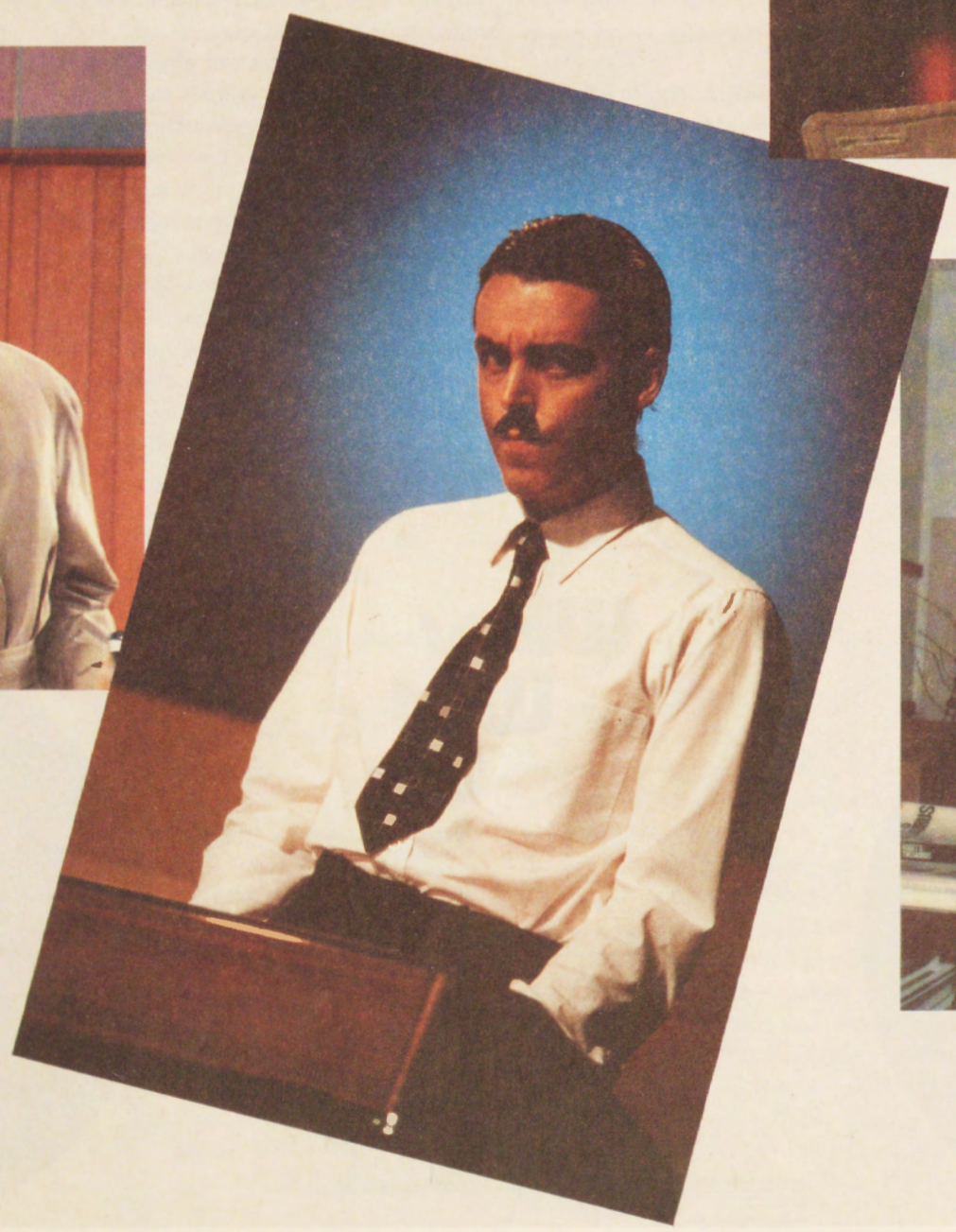
INCOGNITO

In this issue of alter egos, we uncover more shady characters in the *Sandwich* picture archives

PHOTOGRAPHS: LINDA McCARTNEY, GRAHAM HUGHES and DAVID MORSE







CARNEGIE CONQUERED (AGAIN)

Paul's manager, Richard Ogden, reports for *Club Sandwich* about the build-up to the grand US premiere of the *Liverpool Oratorio*

PHOTOGRAPHS: BILL BERNSTEIN

Paul's return to Carnegie Hall after 27 years was certainly going to be different. Of course, there were similarities, like the astounding speed (11 hours!) with which the normally staid auditorium sold out of tickets when it was announced that Paul would be attending the premiere; and the astonishing scenes of adulation which greeted his entrance into his balcony box - ten minutes before the start - and his appearance on the podium with Carl at the end of the performance (which earned him the *New York Times'* "Ovation Of The Year" award at Christmas!).

But the differences were more remarkable still - Paul wasn't on the stage, he was sitting in the audience, and there were 300 people performing his latest *Meisterwork,* not four.

With typical McCartney thoroughness, he attended rehearsals for three whole days before the concert; because of this, the whole enterprise commenced early on Saturday morning, 16 November, as the McCartneys and the MPL team (Alan, Mary, John, me) assembled at Heathrow for the 10.30 Concorde, booked for its miraculous ability to deliver us in New York an hour before leaving London, in good time for the first rehearsal (for choirs and soloists only) at Carnegie Hall. It turned out to be a beautiful, warm morning in New York and, before you could say "Barbara Bonney", we were soon checked into the hotel and on our way out again to work.

The Boys Choir Of Harlem were as wonderful as promised - one illustration of their sheer in-depth quality came when Carl Davis enquired of choirmaster Dr Walter Turnbull, "Which three boys will sing the solo part in the Second Movement?" Walter's response was a deadpan, "Which three would you like?" and, sure enough, the three selected were note-perfect. Paul had some fun with pronunciations - "You say tomato and I say tomayto" sums up the difficulties between our transatlantic common language, and it was interesting to think that some of the boys probably speak Spanish more often than they do English.

New soprano soloist Barbara Bonney was a delight, being well prepared for the day's endeavours, striking up an instant rapport with Jerry Hadley, Paul and Carl, and stamping her role of Mary Dee with charm and sincerity from the off. Everything went remarkably well as a result and, after signing the usual flurry of autographs, Paul was in the car and away back to the hotel for a well-deserved, restful family evening.

Sunday 17th dawned bright, beautiful and warm again for the second day of rehearsals, to take place this time with full orchestra, soloists and the Collegiate Chorale at the Manhattan Center Studios on West 34th Street, perhaps not one of New York's most salubrious locations!

Manhattan Center turned out to be an extraordinary building, though, originally constructed as a full-scale opera house by Rodgers and Hammerstein in a - shall we say - "Ghostbusters Gothic" style. Now owned by New York's freemasonry, the main auditorium having fallen into decay, only the upper-floor ballroom is used as a rehearsal, private party and conference venue, reminiscent of the famous Roseland Ballroom a few blocks to the north.

As we arrived so too did the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, trucking enough flight-cases full of instruments, music and paraphernalia to impress even veterans of The Paul McCartney World Tour like me and John Hammel. The Liverpool contingent were in fine form and buzzing with high excitement: this was about to be their American orchestral debut, and the instruments were unpacked with alacrity, music stands set up, chairs positioned and strings tuned ready for the first fall of Carl's baton.

From the opening note it was obvious that the only way in which the RLPO had been affected by their long Liverpool-New York flight was to be suffused with excitement. So, what with the vivacity of the soloists and the enthusiasm of the Collegiate Choir, the first full rehearsal turned into a celebration of the power of the *Oratorio*. Backstage, meanwhile, there was a "gathering of the clans" as executives of Faber Music and Angel Records, artistes managers and relatives of choir members and friends of soloists dropped by, soaking up some of the atmosphere and welcoming Paul and Carl to the Big Apple.

This rehearsal was a long one, stretching through the afternoon and into the evening and finally ending, as planned, at 9.00pm after the entire *Oratorio* had been played through, albeit out of its proper sequence. By this time word had spread on the New York streets that Paul was in town and quite a crowd had gathered not only outside the Manhattan Center to "see him out" but also back at the hotel to "see him in"! The anticipation was definitely building.

Monday was a meetings day for me on a variety of MPL business matters so I missed this day's rehearsal, which took place at Carnegie Hall. What I didn't miss, however, was the deafening noise of screaming and shouting from the dozens of fans waiting outside Carnegie Hall as Paul arrived - which I heard and saw from the other side of West 57th Street during a meeting. Always concerned with the safety of Paul, Linda and their fans I started to anticipate the McCartneys' arrival at this evening's premiere with some trépidation - and I was not to be disappointed!

Sure enough, by the time we arrived in convoy at the West 56th Street Carnegie Hall performers entrance a few hours later, the afternoon dozens had

Review from *Chicago Tribune*, 20 November 1991 by Howard Reich

NEW YORK - It isn't often that the composer of an oratorio is greeted by a screaming crowd at the stage door and a shrieking throng inside the concert hall.

But when the composer is a former Beatle, the crush of fans, camera operators, TV reporters and even a few music lovers probably is inevitable.

Despite this spectacle, which at times threatened to overwhelm Monday's North American premiere of *Paul McCartney's Liverpool Oratorio*, the music ultimately won out. Neither McCartney's celebrity nor his fans' hysteria could diminish the power of this score once the Carnegie Hall performance had begun and the crowd had been tamed.

A deeply autobiographical piece, the *Oratorio* lucidly traces the course of a young man's life, from birth and troubled youth to imminent fatherhood. Though McCartney wisely omits anything to do with the Beatles (that tale is all too familiar), this is his story all the way.

In other words, the twists of "plot" that don't mirror McCartney's life amount to a speculation on what might have been, if the Beatles hadn't conquered the world.

Musically, the piece is fervently melodic, as befits a songwriter of McCartney's gifts. It is not difficult to hear the lyric tenderness of McCartney's 'Yesterday' or the rhythmic turbulence of his 'Eleanor Rigby' in this music, but the score goes well beyond these perfect miniatures.

Throughout the Oratorio, McCartney spins long ribbons of melody, much of it evoking the bittersweet music of the great British composer Gerald Finzi. There are also hints of Leonard Bernstein in the bright, unabashedly sentimental harmonies, and even a Handelian passage or two, particularly in the regal chorus pieces.

How is such sophistication possible from a composer who can neither read nor write musical notation? McCartney essentially dictated the piece to composer/conductor Carl Davis, who led this performance. Lest anyone think less of McCartney because of this, it's worth remembering he's hardly the first to compose this way.

Irving Berlin, who could not read music, followed a similar tack, with Helmy Kresa putting the sublime music on paper. In classical music, Eric Fenby took musical direction from Frederick Delius after the composer became blind and partially paralysed.

McCartney's oratorio, however, needs no apologies. It's a first-class work that speaks in distinctly hummable tunes.

It was also blessed with an exemplary cast, largely the same as in last summer's world premiere in Liverpool. As in that performance, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra backed soloists Jerry Hadley, Willard White and Sally Burgess. Soprano Barbara Bonney sang in place of Kiri Te Kanawa.

grown to evening hundreds, barriers had been erected and the police called to the scene. With Paul and Linda's arrival ensued all the usual fan mayhem we had grown to expect during the World Tour, Paul this time having to run the gauntlet not only of fans and the paparazzi but a camera crew from every major American TV network too. It was at this point that one of my favourite moments of the trip occurred - as Paul speedily exited the car and disappeared into Carnegie Hall I heard an irate photographer shout at the broad back of New York publicist Joe Dera - "Joe Dera, you bastard, you promised us a photograph!" Joe's reply was not recorded but we all had a good laugh at his expense once safely assembled in the dressing-room!

There was only one hour to go now and tension was building among performers, participants and backstage backroom boys. As Paul circulated, calming nerves and quietly encouraging everyone, I decided to slip away into the auditorium to watch and listen as the audience came in. You could have cut the atmosphere with a blunt Hofner bass, so great was the excitement and anticipation.

By 7.45 the crowd, the orchestra and the choirs were all in place and Paul and Linda entered their box in the balcony. The cliché "The Crowd Went Wild" is just not enough to describe the ovation that greeted Paul's entrance. At least half of the audience appeared to have smuggled in cameras and - to a man, woman and child - they leapt out of their seats, onto their seats or into the aisles firing off a barrage of flashbulbs, screaming, waving and, in almost every humanly possible way, going out of their way to personally attract Paul's attention.

No doubt about it, Carnegie Hall had seen nothing like this for 27 years. You can always tell when a public response is this over-whelming (and this was still before the concert!) because the security staff give up and leave the building.

It seemed like ten minutes, and probably was, before Carl Davis could enter stage left, assume his position on the conductor's podium, raise his arm and wait for the crowd to settle before catching the downbeat before the upbeat to commence a truly memorable and flawless performance of *Paul McCartney's Liverpool Oratorio*, American premiere, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra's American debut, Monday 18 November 1991.

ORATORIO - ON THE ROAD IN '92

In *Oratorio* terms, 1991 will be remembered for the fabulous world premiere performances in Liverpool, London and New York, all attended by Paul, for the acclaimed BBC/PMI documentary *Ghosts Of The Past*, for the concert video and for the best-selling album (number one in Britain and the USA!).

But that's by no means the end of the story. Paul has always declared a keen interest in seeing the *Oratorio* become a part of the classical repertoire, with regular performances here, there and everywhere, reaching peoples of all countries. And his wish is being fulfilled. Sally Cavender of Faber Music, which co-publishes the score and negotiates rights for public performances, reports an unprecedented reaction to Paul's classical bow. "It's extraordinary," she says, "there've been times when I've had four or five calls a day about it. For none of our other composers, I regret to say, do people from San Francisco ring me up - as they are for the *Oratorio* - and say 'We want to do it, when can we get confirmation?' There was a lot of interest before the album came out and there's been even more since then - it's quite fantastic."

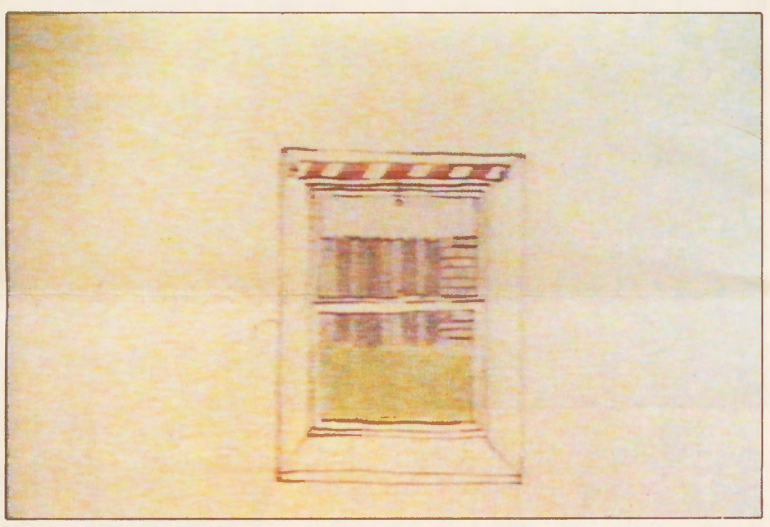
It's still very much early days and so dates and details are subject to alteration, but it's fair to say that strong interest in local 1992 performances of *Paul McCartney's Liverpool Oratorio* has been expressed by orchestras and promoters right across Europe (in Belgium, Czechoslovakia, England, Finland, France, Germany, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland), in North and South America, the Far East and Down Under.

If you live in these countries/areas, you should watch national and local press for further details because *Club Sandwich* may be unable to report dates and places before the event. ML

MINING THE FILM AND VIDEO ARCHIVE

Mark Lewisohn sneaks a peek at an unreleased gem in the Paul McCartney vault

THE BACKYARD



Anyone who makes a lot of films is bound to have the occasional unreleased project, just like prolific writers have unpublished articles, prolific recording artists unissued music and prolific artists unseen canvases. It's only natural and is most usually by design or the result of a change of mind rather than a reflection on the quality /unsuitability of the material.

Paul has a few unissued film and video projects. Not *many*, but a few, and one is called *The Backyard*. Made in 1974, the public knew nothing of this until an excerpt went out on primetime BBC television in 1986 in a McCartney retrospective to promote *Press To Play*, later released on video. Since when, *The Backyard* has assumed a level of intrigue to match a Len Deighton novel.

But what is *The Backyard?* In short (and that's very much what it is), *The Backyard* is a modest film of Paul sitting on a chair in a garden, singing five songs to his own upside-down acoustic guitar accompaniment. It starts fairly abruptly (an animated roller-blind squeaks upwards, revealing a window), he performs, it ends fairly abruptly nine minutes later and the budget must have run easily into doubles figures. But it's *good*.

The Backyard was originally a self-contained section within another production which sits unseen in the MPL vault, called *One Hand Clapping*. This featured Wings as it then was (late-summer 1974), with new drummer Geoff Britton and new guitarist Jimmy McCulloch, inside the hallowed number two studio at EMI Abbey Road, running through a ream of songs old and new before cameras directed by David Litchfield, with trusted friend and engineer Geoff Emerick manning the control room.

One fine day Paul suggested that it would be fun to work outside and scouted around for a local location. The area he chose was the grubby yard behind the echo chamber at the studios, clogged with rusting bits and pieces save for a tiny patch of unfettered grass. This was it - Paul grabbed a chair from the studio, slung his jacket across the back and plonked himself down. There was no room for anyone else so it became a solo spot. Litchfield - he later launched the hip newspaper *Ritz* and designed two special editions of *Club Sandwich* - set up his U-Matic video camera and two mikes and yelled "action".

To the occasional overdubbed accompaniment of a milk-float delivering pintas to the local residents, *The Backyard* features Paul performing five songs, one from his own fertile mind and four covers of classic rock and roll numbers. The McCartney number opens the film and straightaway it's something unusual: a madrigal of the unreleased variety called 'Blackpool', celebrating saucy postcard images of curvaceous seaside women in that and also another fine upstanding northern resort, Southport. Thinking back to it now, two decades on, Paul remarks, "When Linda and I first got together we used to groove around a lot and I had a number of songs which I would just sing but not really record. They were mess-around songs, and this was one of them."

Four fine, niftily-busked rock standards follow. In the never less than invigorating 'Twenty Flight Rock' Paul drops into a scat imitation of the lead guitar solo, joyously chips in a "Take it, Eddie!" call to the late Mr Cochran and then, underlining the impromptu nature of the filming, makes light of a loud and clear emergency-vehicle siren that sounds a few yards away in Abbey Road. (Issuing from an ambulance probably, rushing to administer help to a bare-footed Beatles fan in distress on the zebra crossing...)

After 'Twenty Flight Rock' come two great numbers from, as the singer proudly announces, "The late, great Buddy Holly, ladies and gentlemen, no-one like him" - 'Peggy Sue' and a briefish 'I'm Gonna Love You Too' - in which, for once, Mr McCartney manages to mess-up the words. Nicely so, though, with fluffs happily preserved.

After one more, 'Sweet Little Sixteen' - it's rare to hear Paul doing this immortal Chuck Berry number - *The Backyard* comes to a sudden conclusion when the animated roller-blind comes down, bringing the viewer back inside from the garden, closing the window (shades of *Andy Pandy* here) and the film. Cue minimalist credits and fade to black.

Speculation about why *The Backyard* was hived off from *One Hand Clapping* only to itself remain unissued is a fairly pointless exercise. As Paul elucidates, "It's a fun film but you don't necessarily do everything for release. Some things you do, some things you don't. We've got a few little items like this and the nice thing is that they start to look even better with time. We still haven't thought of doing anything particular with it - yet."

And so, for the moment, where *The Backyard* is concerned, that's all folks. Back onto the shelf she goes.

BACKWARDS TRAVELLER

Standing out, delightfully obtrusively, from an impressive array of bleeping and winking sound equipment in the McCartney rehearsal barn are two relics from the days when four youngsters from Liverpool were out there playing the Rialtos and Top Ranks.

That **Hofner bass guitar and the battered Vox amp are still used today, here and there. Especially the guitar, which accompanied its owner during the great World Tour of 1989/90 and could attract admiration and applause all its own merely by being propped on an empty stage. A few strips of Sellotape hold in place proof of its action during the Beatles' final tour, 1966.**

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

HAMISH'S UNFORGETTABLE GIGS

Playing live is usually the staple of a musician's career, but so too is watching others in the act. As participator or spectator, Hamish Stuart has been to rather a lot of gigs in his time, and he tells Mark Lewisohn about ten of the best

PHOTOGRAPH: PETER MOUNTAIN

FIVE I SAW

1 The first concert I ever went to was a Beatles show, at the Concert Hall in Glasgow, October 1963, a few days before my 14th birthday. I won tickets from a competition in the Glasgow *Evening Citizen* - there were five questions and I knew the answers because I was a fan. I went with my elder cousin and she stood on her feet and screamed the whole time but I just sat there, listening. They opened with 'Roll Over Beethoven', which I could barely make out, and then the audience settled down a little bit and the songs became clearer. 'She Loves You' had recently come out and it was the newest thing that they played. I was beginning to think at that time: four guys, guitars...yes - maybe this is what I could do. I'd been singing for a while and had just formed a school group, and seeing the Beatles spurred me on. I got my very first album, *With The Beatles*, as a present that Christmas of 1963.

2 Soul music was big in Glasgow. I developed a particular interest around 1965 when I started to play around town and go to the clubs, especially the Picasso in Buchanan Street. Then, in spring 1967, when I was 17, I went to see the Stax-Volt revue at the Locarno, a big Glasgow ballroom, and it was an amazing show: Arthur Conley, Eddie Floyd, Sam & Dave, Otis Redding, and maybe one other act too, and the band backing everybody was Booker T & The MGs. Sam & Dave were great - there was a lot of showmanship, the way they inter-acted, and there was a lot of drama in the ballads - but Otis was incredible, the real *tour-de-force*. Sadly, he died a few months later.

3 I saw Jimi Hendrix at the Glasgow Odeon on a very strange bill indeed, with the Walker Brothers and Cat Stevens and also, top of the bill, Engelbert Humperdinck. I'd seen Jimi the week before on *Top Of The Pops* and realised that he was great, and then the tour came through town so I went along to see him. It was a strange little package because there was also a surf band that opened the show and then the Jimi Hendrix Experience came on and did just two songs, 'Hey Joe' and 'Wild Thing'. There were about ten people in the whole place - including me - on their feet, but the rest of the audience were simply gobsmacked, they didn't know what was going on at all. At the end of 'Wild Thing' Jimi destroyed practically everything that was on the stage and then left and we were all there going "Wow!" He was such a great player and what he was doing was so fresh. He looked wild too - nobody had ever seen anything like him - but he also had the talent to carry it off.

4 In 1972 or early 1973, I can't remember when exactly, I went to see Weather Report play at Ronnie Scott's club in London. It was an amazing experience for me because they were playing very, very free jazz and although I didn't understand what they were doing it just knocked me out. I still don't know what it was but it changed my views about music: you don't have to understand it if it creates a *feeling*. I left the place about two feet off the ground.

5 Around about 1977 or 1978 I went to the Roxy Club in Hollywood to see guitarist João Gilberto. I'd been to see a lot of shows at the Roxy but this one was different: it was only him, a guitar and an amazing atmosphere. All the Brazilians in town were there and he came onto the stage with a little foot-stool, and a stool for himself to sit on, he had his set-list taped on the top of his guitar, he wore a dark suit, white shirt, no tie, and he just sat there, with one spotlight, and played all these great songs. It was like sitting in somebody's front-room, really wonderful.

FIVE I PLAYED

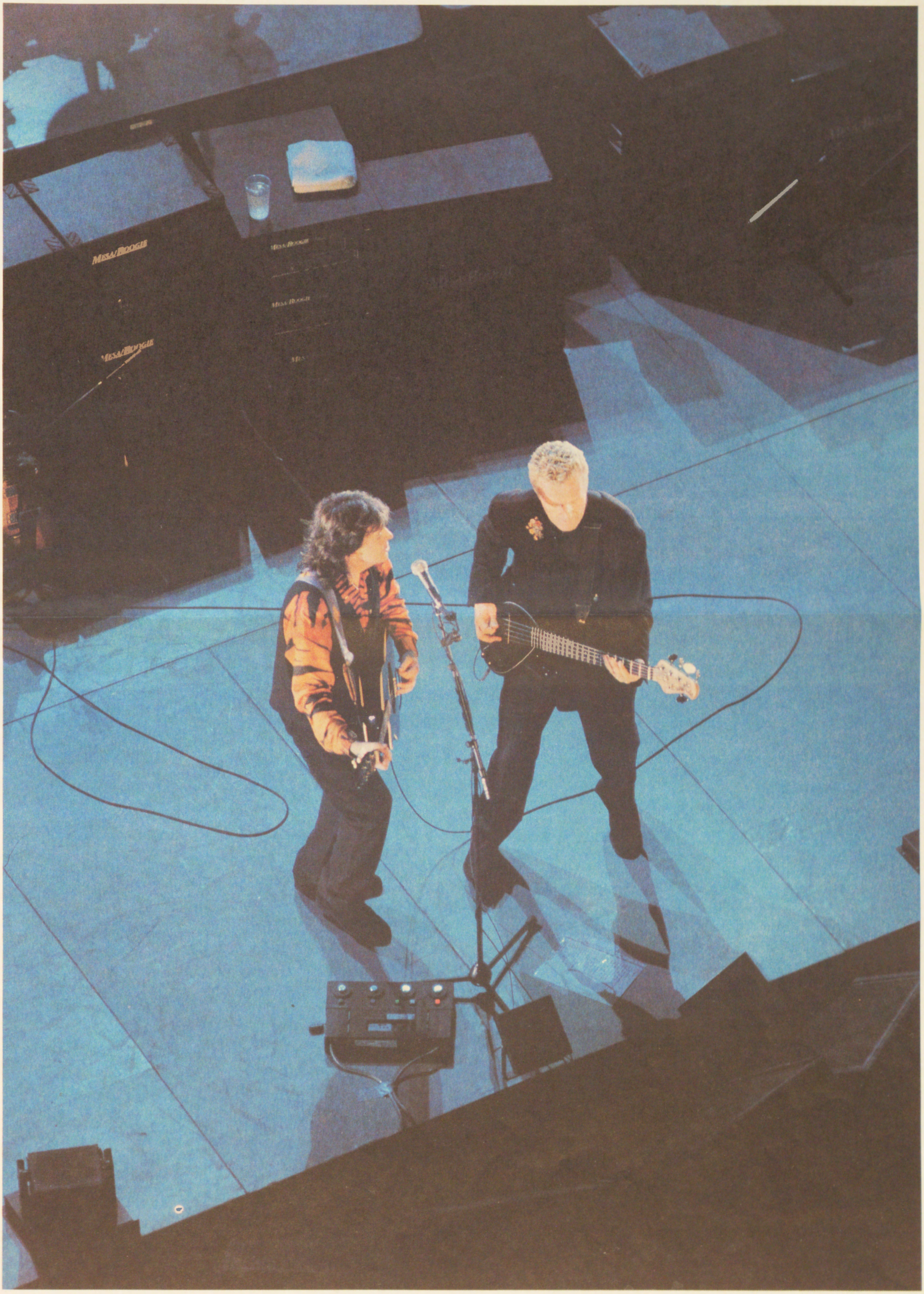
1 The year before I saw Otis Redding and the Stax-Volt revue there, I played at the Glasgow Locarno with a band I had just joined, the In-Crowd. There were a couple of thousand people and it was not only my first gig with the band but also the first time I'd played in front of so many people. The show was a "clan ball" promoted by the pirate station Radio Scotland and they were always jam-packed events, with the best Scottish bands playing and maybe somebody else from down south. I don't know why we were chosen or how it all came together but it was very exciting. Until then I'd been used to playing in church halls and YMCAs.

2 The Average White Band played as the warm-up act in Eric Clapton's big comeback concert at the Rainbow in London in January 1973. That got us a lot of attention because we had a great night, we really hit it off, the reviews were good and it kind of launched us. It was an amazing event - the party in the dressing-room was spectacular and pretty much everybody you'd ever seen in the British music scene was there. I think we were the last people out of the theatre. From that night on, for a couple of years, we could do no wrong. Even the gigs we thought were terrible would get glowing reviews ...until we had a hit single after which we could do nothing right! Funny.

3 There were many good times with the Average White Band but the most memorable gig was at the Capitol Center in Washington DC, around 1977. We were driving in towards the venue, commenting that the traffic was bad, when we suddenly realised that all the traffic was *going* to the gig and that we were stuck in it. Then people in the cars saw that we were the band and it all got very silly, with people running up to our car, waving and asking for autographs while the traffic was moving along. The gig itself was amazing - the venue was absolutely packed, something like 20,000 people, and from beginning to end the entire place was crazy. It was the most I've seen an audience react as one person, and I couldn't see a white face anywhere. To have an audience with us for a whole two-hour show was a real high point, our peak, really.

4 The Average White Band played a real against-the-odds gig once, in New Zealand in 1976. There were a ton of acts there at the same time - the Doobie Brothers, Ike & Tina Turner, Frank Zappa, the Eagles - all coming through in the space of about two weeks, and when we got to Auckland Town Hall we discovered that the promoter had sent the PA system off with another act. But the old show-must-go-on spirit came out: having gone so far we didn't want to call it off, so our roadie went around the local radio stations and borrowed some speakers to put the vocals through. We had nothing else, though, and everything that could go wrong did. I remember the bass-drum skin went during the act, and a little Maori guy from the opening act came running on to lend us his. Everybody mucked in and we turned it into something special.

5 Then of course there was Rio, with Paul. There were lots of great shows all over the World Tour but the ones that really stuck out for me were Montreal, Rome and especially Rio de Janeiro. It was the biggest show that any of us had ever played, including Paul, and it was two nights: something like 130,000 the first night, in the pouring rain, and 184,000 the next. You couldn't even see the back of the crowd, it was so big. And I have a feeling that there were even more than 184,000 because people were also packed behind the stage, unable to see anything! The weather was really against us and then it all turned out wonderfully, particularly the second night. It was such an *event* and I'll never forget it.



PHOTOGRAPH: PETER MOUNTAIN

PHOTOGRAPHS: LINDA McCARTNEY

AND IN THE GREEN CORNER

We may wish to backslap, relax and think we've done well, but the battle to preserve our planet is far from won. In this edition of And In The Green Corner, Mark Lewisohn reviews two important new user-friendly books that serve to remind us of our dereliction of duty

We are but eight years away from the dawn of a new millennium, and a perfect opportunity to reflect on how gifted and resourceful we can be, but things are still frighteningly wrong with our way of life. In *The Green Almanac* author Graham Maclachlan paints a disturbing picture that just has to be faced if man is to survive in the manner to which he has become accustomed. Can it really be true that there are only 500 blue whales left in the Antarctic waters, a mere 0.2 per cent of the population that existed before the advent of commercial whaling? Do the Japanese really throw away two billion chopsticks every year? And, right now, in 1992, is it true that almost half of the world's women are illiterate? Tragically, yes, on all three counts.

As an easy-to-read, how-to-act snapshot of global concerns, *The Green Almanac* is certainly an eye-opener, even for the 'Green' among us. The population of bats is in serious decline because of something as unnecessarily damaging as the chemicals in timber preservation treatments. More than 20,000 dolphins are killed annually by US fleets just so that people can eat tuna fish. And 4.6 million children die annually from nothing more than simple diarrhoea, caused by polluted drinking water. This *surely* is preventable.

A best-seller in the USA, the Earth Works Group's *50 Simple Things You Can Do To Save The Earth* is so valuably instructive that governments should distribute copies free to every household. Simply, and effectively, it imparts some remarkable information: a tap left running while brushing one's teeth wastes between six and 12 gallons of water every time; coffee filter papers - which we dispose of by the million every year - are bleached white for us by the manufacturers in case we don't care for their appearance, the process in turn creating deadly dioxins which are dumped into rivers. Plastic rings which hold together packs of canned drinks can be lethal to marine life - they get left on beaches, or find their way into the water along with tonnes of other rubbish dumped there, and can strangle or drown seabirds who get caught up in them. The simple act of snipping open the plastic rings before disposal will prevent this - or, of course, we could invent an alternative means of tying tins together.

Books like these are vital for pointing out problems and providing solutions for those who wish to know. But this, in itself, is the biggest dilemma of all: persuading everybody everywhere that environmental problems apply equally to them. Those who enjoy a good chuckle at the sight of a sandal-wearing, 2CV-driving 'Green' but do not recycle, who continue to use pollutant detergents and put leaded fuel into their cars are the real fools. The problem of activating *everyone* to do his or her bit remains the biggest stumbling block of all.

The Green Almanac, by Graham Maclachlan, is published by Lochar Publishing, Moffat, Scotland DG10 9ED; £6.99 in UK from bookstores, ISBN 0-948403-72-1.

50 Simple Things You Can Do To Save The Earth, by the Earth Works Group, is published by NEL; £3.50 in UK, ISBN 0-450-54020-0.

PS from Paul:
For those of you getting into 'Green' ideas here are some helpful addresses that may speed your passage.

Friends of the Earth (England and Wales), 26-28 Underwood Street, London N1 7JQ

Friends of the Earth (Scotland), Bonnington Mill, 72 Newhaven Road, Edinburgh EH6 5QG

Friends of the Earth (USA), 218 D Street SE, Washington DC, 20003

Friends of the Earth (International), PO Box 19199, 1000 GD Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Greenpeace (UK), 30 Islington Green, London N1 2PN

Greenpeace (USA), 1436 U Street NW, Washington DC, 20009

Greenpeace (International), Keizersgracht 176, 1016 DW Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Animaline, PO Box 3012, London W4 3YF, England

Lynx, PO Box 916, Dunmow, Essex CM6 1UH, England

PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals), PO Box 42516, Washington DC, 20015-0516, USA

WRITE AWAY

Your chance to get questions answered

PHOTOGRAPH: PETER MOUNTAIN

Q

I recently watched a British comedy on video called *Eat The Rich*. Apart from being very funny I could swear that I saw Paul McCartney in one scene, sat at a table. Is it him? When was the film shot?
Paul Groundwater, Brisbane, Australia

Yes, it's Paul. The film was a creation of the Comic Strip team, directed by Peter Richardson who invited Paul and Linda to play a cameo role in the production. The scene was shot in March 1987 at the Moor Park country house near London.

Q

Is 'Helen Wheels' available on CD in Britain?
Pep Corbo, Nottingham, England

Not yet, no. It can be bought in America though, on the US version of the *Band On The Run* CD.

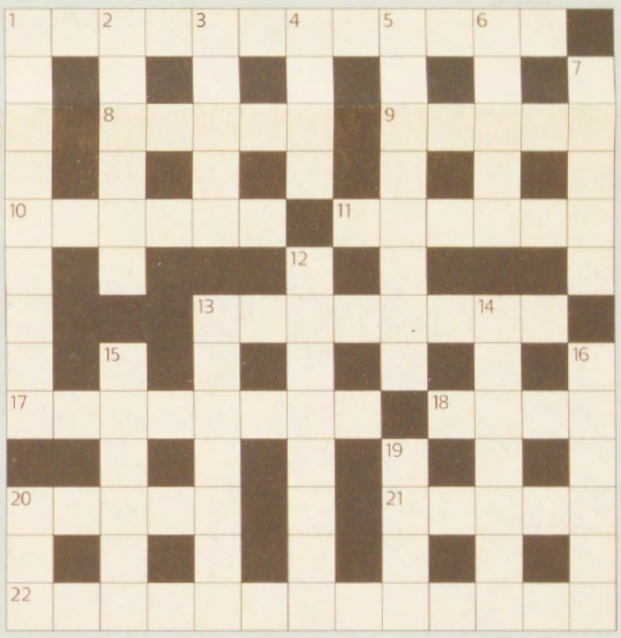
Q

When I saw the *Get Back* film recently I noticed the name Ian McEwan during the final credits. My friend is a specialist on the writer Ian McEwan and he would like to know if it is the same one and, if it is, what kind of link there is between him and *Get Back*.
Ulrich Nauditt, Köln, Germany

It is the same esteemed Mr McEwan, writer of, among other books, *The Ploughman's Lunch* (also a film) and the Whitbread award winner *The Child In Time*. Paul met Ian in 1988 when he was made an honorary doctor of the University of Sussex (see *CS49*) and Ian gave the excellent tribute speech. When the *Get Back* project first came along Paul suggested that Ian submit an original treatment for the film, which he did, but not all of his ideas were used.

IF YOU HAVE A QUERY THAT YOU'D LIKE ANSWERED, SEND IT ALONG TO CLUB SANDWICH, PO BOX 110, WESTCLIFF, ESSEX, SS0 8NW, ENGLAND. PLEASE MARK YOUR POSTCARD OR ENVELOPE 'WRITE AWAY' IN THE TOP-LEFT CORNER. WE CANNOT RESPOND OUTSIDE OF THIS COLUMN.

SPRING CROSSWORD



ACROSS
1 A New Jersey resort famous for its boardwalk (8,4)
8 "Blackbird singing in the dead of _____" (5)
9 John Philip ____, American march king (5)
10 Famous piece for orchestra by Ravel (6)
11 Richard _____, director of *Get Back* (6)
13 Jefferson _____, rock stars of the 1960s (8)
17 _____ Mountains, mountain system of central Scotland, the highest peak of which is Ben Nevis (8)
18 & 14 down. Welsh actor, composer, songwriter and dramatist; Paul has won many of his awards (4, 7)
20 Native bear of Australia (5)
21 Musical term for "sweetly" (5)
22 Deny I had toast (anagram) to make the title of a track from *Flowers In The Dirt* (4, 3, 2, 4)

DOWN
1 Improvising in a musical performance (2-7)
2 'No More _____ Nights' (6)
3 River in West Africa (5)
4 Greek letter, or a very small amount (4)
5 Elvis _____, collaborator with Paul in 'My Brave Face' (8)
6 Have faith in (5)
7 Capital of Egypt (5)
12 Thoroughfare in New York City, famous for its theatres (8)
13 Clap hands in acclaim (7)
14 See 18 across
15 Kiri Te _____, soloist in Paul's *Liverpool Oratorio* (6)
16 An easy task in a light wind? (6)
19 Unlucky day in March for Julius Caesar (4)
20 Pieces of equipment ready to be assembled (3)

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD IN CS60

C	R	A	C	K	E	R	■	S	■	M	■	M
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S	O	D	A	■	A	S	I	D	E	S	■	O
T	■	I	■	O	■	■	D	■	■	■	■	F
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PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

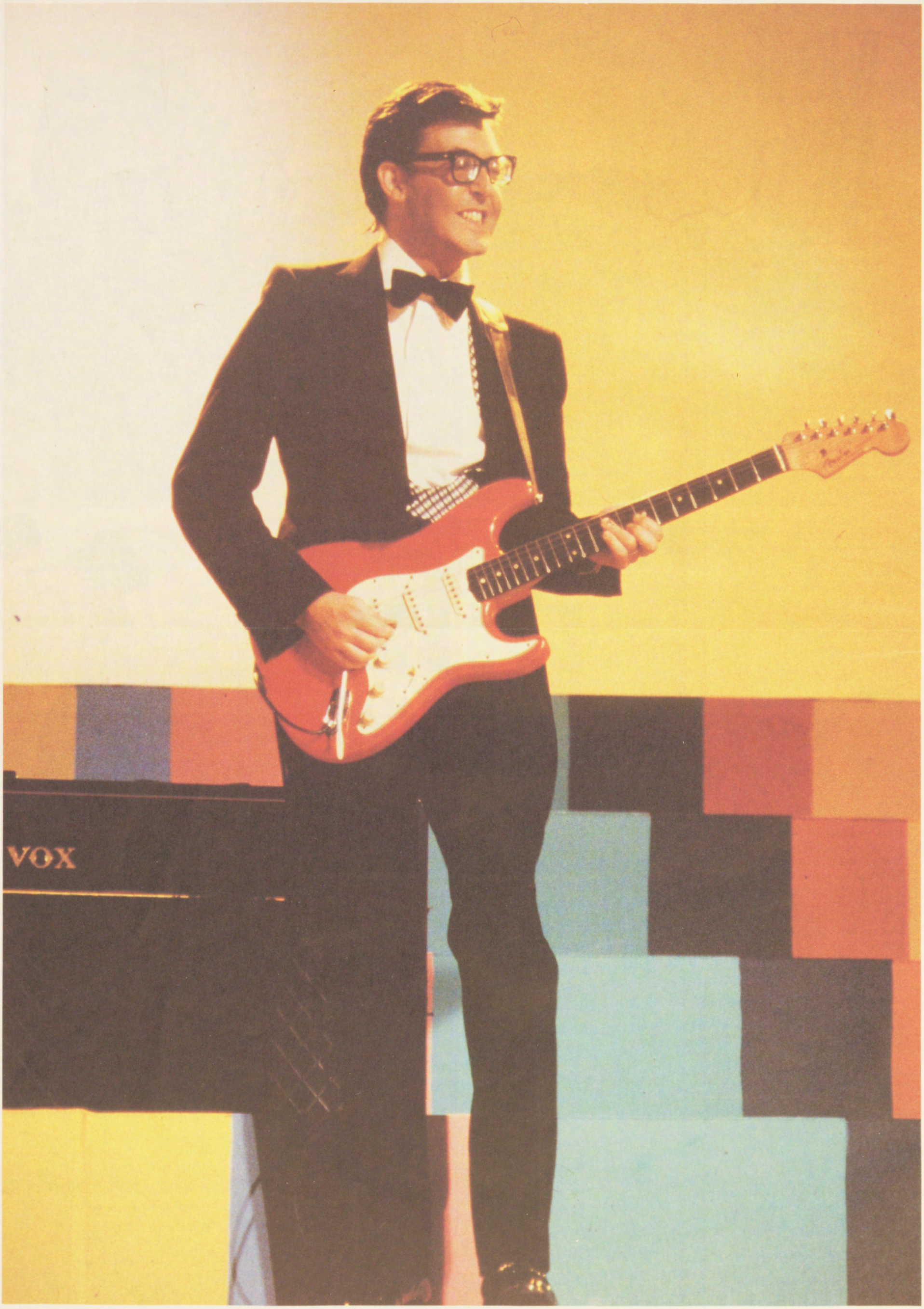
COMING UP...

APRIL
Band recording

MAY
Band recording
Liverpool Oratorio performances in Barcelona (22nd) and Valencia (23rd)
Paul to receive "Valencia City Decoration"

JUNE
(14th) Paul on British TV in 25th anniversary of Sgt Pepper documentary
(18th/19th) *Liverpool Oratorio* performances in Tokyo

...and your next *Club Sandwich*



PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

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